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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Quarterly Review, No. 84.—London, Murray, March, 1830.

THE delightful article of the present Number, is decidedly the life of Sir Stamford Raffles, by his Widow. It contains a million of things to remind us of Heber and his widow, and what association can be more delightful. We would have every body read Lady Raffle's admirable book; they cannot fail to be pleased and made better.

Next to it comes René Caillié's visit to Timbuctoo. We take some small grains of credit to ourselves, for having been the first, and for a considerable time the only Journalists in Europe, who set this man's book upon its proper footing. We said that without pretending to decide, with certainty, whether Caillié had reached Timbuctoo or not, we could place little confidence in a man, who on his own shewing was capable of deliberate and circumstantial falsehood, on the most solemn and important of all subjects; and then we proceeded to shew internal grounds of doubt. The *Quarterly* we are happy to observe, brings its heavy artillery to bear upon precisely the same points at which we had levelled our little gun. Beginning with the initial lie just mentioned, the reviewer proceeds to shew, that divers constellations and stars, of the appearance of which this benighted Frenchman gives a flowery and poetical account, were necessarily out of sight at the time of his vision, and concludes as follows:—"We shall offer no opinion whether M. Caillié did, or did not, reach Timbuctoo—that question we are willing to leave the critics of Paris to decide; but we do not hesitate to say, that for any information he has brought back, as to the geography of central Africa, or the course of the Joliba, he might just as well have staid at home."

Hardy's *Travels in Mexico* is a very amusing paper. Titles of Honor in France and England—Insanity, Steam Carriages, the Currency question, and Sir Henry Parnell's book on Finance, are the remaining subjects. In all eight articles, as they say in invoices and bills of lading.

The New Monthly Magazine for April.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

THIS Number of the *New Monthly* contains an article entitled, "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron, by Mr. Moore, and remarks on those notices by Lady Byron," this is signed, T. C. and we need not inform our readers that these initials stand for Thomas Campbell, Editor, nominal or real, of the aforesaid Magazine. Our own review of Moore's Byron, (by the bye we sat up all night to read the book, and write the notice, after a hard day's travail in other matters,) we remember raised a storm of surprise and indignation at the time; but we have 'won the wise who frowned before, to smile at last,' and all men now are coming round to our opinion; the substance of which was, that if what people say in general about genius be true, it follows that men of genius are fit only for the gallows; a creed in which we do not believe. Mr. Campbell has taken up the cudgels in defence of truth and decency and honor, against the sickening twaddle about the waywardness of genius, and the unfitness of Lady Byron's wan unwarming spirit to manage such a mind as Byron's. We

did not think the man had so much in him at this time of day, and though he sometimes degenerates into abuse, and calls names instead of using arguments, we can forgive much to the warmth of one engaged in defending an innocent and most injured woman. We subjoin a few brief extracts:

"You speak, Mr. Moore, against Lord Byron's censurers in a tone of indignation which is perfectly lawful towards calumnious traducers, but which will not terrify me, or any other man of courage, who is no calumniator, from uttering his mind freely with regard to this part of your hero's conduct. I think your whole theory about the unmarriedness of genius a twaddling little hint for a compliment to yourself, and a theory refuted by the wedded lives of Scott and Flaxman. I question your philosophy in assuming that all that is noble in Byron's poetry was inconsistent with the possibility of his being devoted to a pure and good woman—and I repudiate your morality for canting too complacently about 'the lava of his imagination,' and the unsettled fever of his passions being any excuses for his planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a meek woman's bosom."

"You said, Mr. Moore, that Lady Byron was unsuitable to her Lord—the word is cunningly insidious, and may mean as much or as little as may suit your convenience. But if she was unsuitable, I remark that it tells all the worse against Lord Byron. I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him. If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of Virtue, that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow. But I trust there is no such passage in your book. Surely you must be conscious of your woman, with her 'virtue loose about her, who would have suited Lord Byron,' to be as imaginary a being as the woman without a head.—A woman to suit Lord Byron!!!—Poo! poo! I could paint to you the woman that could have matched him, if I had not bargained to say as little as possible against him."

"If Lady Byron was not suitable to Lord Byron, so much the worse for his Lordship; for let me tell you, Mr. Moore, that neither your poetry, nor Lord Byron's, nor all our poetry put together, ever delineated a more interesting being than the woman whom you have so coldly treated. This was not kicking the dead lion, but wounding the shorn lamb, who was already bleeding and shorn even unto the quick. I know that, collectively speaking, the world is in Lady Byron's favour; but it is coldly favourable, and you have not warmed its breath. Time, however, cures every thing, and even your book, Mr. Moore, may be the means of Lady Byron's character being better appreciated."

We are sincerely sorry to announce the discontinuance of the *London Foreign Literary Gazette*. There was a great deal of learning, industry, and ability displayed in the Numbers that appeared, and we sympathise with the regret expressed in the following extract, from the farewell notice contained in the last:

"With this Number we conclude the first,

and, we regret to add, the last quarter of this publication. We entered into it in the belief, that a desire to possess a speedy acquaintance with Foreign Literature and Science, was so prevalent in England, that a work of this kind would be encouraged to such an extent, as to remunerate the very great labour and expense that must be incurred in carrying it on. But so far as we can judge from our short experiment, we were at least partially mistaken in our opinion. It is true, that the journal has met, both with liberal support and most flattering testimonies of approbation; but the former has not been sufficient to induce us, on a rational view of the case, to proceed farther with the design."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

"If men were wise," says the Duke di Lévis, "they would spend the greater part of their time in the study of religion and medicine," and however men may differ from his Grace in our day, religion must continue their principal concern; most men indeed, even now, admit it to be "the one thing needful," with an unprofitable sigh, while a chosen few, in all persuasions, make it their hope and their glory, their delight, and the lamp to guide their footsteps through the intricate mazes of things, and the busy crowd of people, which would jostle them aside from its pursuit. We do not mean to raise our feeble voice to plead the cause of that which ought to want no recommendation from a mortal to his fellow men, and which finds so many excellent advocates among the highly gifted and the good, but to speak a little on the humbler effects of religion on mundane matters. The difference existing between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, first presents itself to the view as the most striking of these; for owing to the exclusive nature of the latter, it will not coalesce with any of the various forms of the former, notwithstanding the nearer approach of some of them in doctrine or in discipline. With Roman Catholics, this is a subject of glory. Bossuet acknowledges the accusation of intolerance, but ascribes it to the holiness of the church, which will not enter into any compromise with heresy. We Protestants call it bigotry, yet, we would surely be as reluctant to part with, or to modify any doctrine we believe to be true, as the others. The two churches seem to harmonize better in Germany than any where else; there, in the very cradle of the reformation, priests have been seen to assist at its centenary commemoration, and assign for a reason, that Luther did their church good as well as harm, by purifying it in point of morals, which even they are constrained to acknowledge, was very much wanted among the German clergy.—This lax morality of the unreformed clergy, promoted Protestantism more than all the abstract arguments that could be employed, for to the poor, the vexatious tyranny of their prince-bishops, and the scandalous lives of many of the secular, but much more of the regular clergy, were arguments daily and hourly felt and groaned under. There were few of the nobility who had not feuds with the higher ecclesiastics, and therefore, they let no opportunity escape to humble and even to crush them; so that when Luther appeared, he found men's minds as inflammable as the dry